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Regd. No. M. 2027.
Single Copy : 3 As.

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An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and Education.

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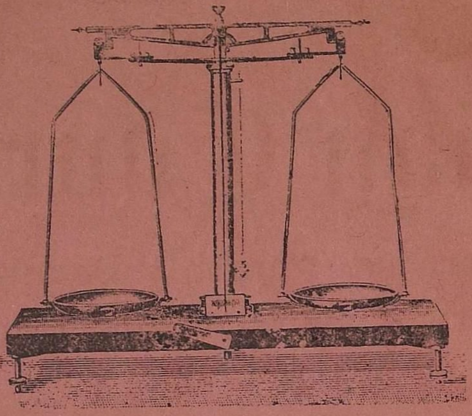

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Vol. II. MADURA—MARCH, 1926 No. 3

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Our cross word competition will be stopped for the present. The results of the last puzzle will be announced next month.

Manager.

ABOUT AND AROUND

We extend our respectful and cordial greetings to the Rt. Hon'ble Lord Irwin, our new Viceroy, and wish him a happy stay and a successful regime in India. Lord Irwin has a legacy of intricate political tangles left to him, which are at bottom purely educational and economic. We trust his broad sympathies and far-seeing statesmanship will enable him to keep in mind the importance of these vital issues in his endeavour to advance the wider interests of the country.

In our November number we adverted to the possibility of a course of action on the part of the Academic Council which might lead to a constitutional dead lock with the Senate. This was on the question of exempting bonafide teachers of some service from the production of term certificates for attending University Examinations. The matter was referred to the Standing Committee, and fortunately the latter recommended it for acceptance by the Academic Council. We are glad to learn that the latter learned body has adopted it in spite of strong opposition, for which teachers will feel highly thankful.

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THE UTILITARIAN AND CULTURAL ASPECT OF EDUCATION

BY MR. N. THIAGARAJA IYER, M.A., L.T.,

Principal, Maharaja's College, Pudukottah.

Education is co-extensive with life. When Adam and Eve entered Eden the tree of knowledge had already grown large enough to bear fruit. Education is also Universal; the young birds learn their "language lessons" of a morning and get their vocational instruction from their mothers in the arts of flying and feeding. Education is the single comprehensive word we have for representing human progress from a state of savagery to the security, civilisation and modernity that go to make up life in our present century. If a man is a citizen of the world today and commands the earth, sea and air, it is due to education.

Education has also explored the inner world of the spirit, discovered the Americas and Australias of the mind: there have been Columbuses of the mind—instructed through heart and spirit.

Indian Education has sprung from a dual root. It would be sheer ingratitude not to own our acknowledgments to western learning which has contributed so much for the enlightenment and making of Modern India; it would also be treason to forget the ancient culture which persists in the Country and vitalises all its intellectual activities even as a hidden "seed of race."

The utilitarian view of education, that is, education as a means to enable bread-winning is its most practical aspect. Parents have sold their ancestral acres and have reduced themselves to misery and poverty; and young men have burnt the mid-night oil all in a terrible anxiety to pass the examinations which are a passport to a professional or other career; and when they are overtaken by unemployment, such as we find to-day, hearts break and the gloom of unhappiness falls over hall and hamlet.

The first duty of the Universities is therefore no doubt to look to the utilitarian aspect of education, to help the young man to put bread into his basket. The medieval Universities of Padua, Balogna, etc., were professional colleges, instructing in Law and Medicine, two careers that have always been lucrative. The modern Universities of the West, especially in America, are intensely professional in outlook. Our own University at Madras is putting on modern fineries, Book-keeping, commercial correspondence and what not.

Here a note of warning is necessary. You may produce a new generation of vocationally educated and technically trained University men, but they will glut the market, even as the present products of the University do, unless openings and careers are found for them. Or else we shall have the sorry spectacle of technical men without technical work to do even as your Graduate in the 'Ologies' to-day has to stand behind a counter in a railway office.

Demand will stimulate supply. In Pudukottah, some fifteen years ago motor drivers could not be had for love or money; and now that the motor traffic has sprung up, quite a host of these professional men have come into existence more mysteriously than Roderick Dhu's followers sprang up in Scott's Lady of the Lake to the sound of the chieftain's bugle. Create the openings for the young men, and educational institutions which are after all only the hand maids of society will meet the demand by putting forth a supply.

To me the recent pronouncements of Lord Reading our Viceroy throwing open the Navy and Army to young Indians are full of significance and great promise. Do not call it a small gift because the gift is limited. Look at it with the eye of Imagination and you will find that the gates of conservatism having been stormed and opened; the flood tide of good will and greater trust will surely follow.

What India wants to-day is more chances, more openings. She must be employed more largely and fully in all departments of national service—in all sorts of traffic by land and sea and air. She must have her coastal and trans-oceanic trade; she must delve in her mines and make all her products from Rolla Royces and Aeroplanes down to hairpins and tooth picks.

Towards such a consummation the parents of young men, the leaders of society and religious thought must help. Let us not cling to every custom essential and unessential of the past in the name of religion. Liberate the youth of India, and let them go out to the ends of the world to do and dare. I am preaching no new doctrine to-day. England in the Nineteenth Century when she suffered from unemployment, resorted to the same remedy; she had the courage to send out her children to trade and manufacture and colonise. Indian thought of the best periods in the past when the great thinkers of the land arose was always progressive, iconoclastic of all old super-annuated customs. We belong to a religion which colonised the Eastern Archipelago in the name of Faith and to a land which has made a spiritual conquest of the whole of Eastern Asia. Antiquarians will tell you that we have been great traders in the past with Eastern Africa, Western Asia and Southern Europe. In future the day of hope will come for India when this social liberalism shall set in.

The other aspect of Education is the cultural. Doctor or lawyer, mechanic or artizan, we have all of us to be genlemen first. We should all possess, whatever the rank or station, what M. Arnold calls, sweetness and light—two indispensable qualities out of which culture is formed which is a cure to philistinism in individual and society. It is this which gives a tone to society, and in the hour of public danger, political or social, offers safe and wise counsel. It is threefold in character—and education of the intellect through knowledge in respect of which we are the heirs of the ages—of the whole and cultured past: an education of the heart by which through impulses we shall "learn more of moral evil and of good than all the sages can"; and an education of the spirit which "is a serene and blessed mood" in which we "see into the life of things."

BROWNINGS' LYRICS

BY PROFESSOR G. GOPALAKRISHNA IYER, M.A.

TRIVANDRUM.

Critical opinion is hopelessly at variance regarding Browning's greatness as a lyric poet. Mrs. Orr says that he has never ignored beauty, but has neglected it in the desire for significance. Professor Saintsbury says "Browning, though an audacious, is almost invariably a correct prosodist—he goes often to the edge, but hardly ever over it; and when he chooses he can be as "smooth as smooth". Mr. Reed is of opinion that such negative praise, as that of Professor Saintsbury cited above, is not enough and that the lyric poet must have music ever ringing in his ears. And since Browning's lyrics are most of them not consistently melodious, he says that he sings and stammers. Mrs. Orr says of Pippa's songs that they are not impressive in themselves. And the popular idea of Browning is that his verse is rugged and his words obscure.

But when one judges the poet's lyrics by a personal experience of them one will perceive that they fall, naturally, into two divisions. In the first group may be included poems like *Women and Roses*; that delicious song in '*In a Gondola*' which begins "A moth's kiss, first"; *Home thoughts from the Sea*; *Home thoughts from Abroad, etc*". A perusal of these poems will convince us that if Browning ignored beauty of expression, he was not unable to achieve it, when he chose to do so. *Women and Roses* is a lyric of haunting beauty and vague suggestive power. The poet dreams of a red rose tree which has three roses on it, round which.

"Round and round, like a dance of snow,
In a dazzling drift, as it guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages,
Then follow women fresh and gay,
Living and loving and loved to-day.
Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of maidens.
Beauties unborn. And all, to one cadence,
They circle their rose on my rose tree."

The poet makes his appeal to these groups of women in turn, but they pay no heed to his words—"in their old measure They circle their rose on my rose tree." The song 'The moth's kiss, first!' has become very famous in English literature; "it is the very best we have in what might be called the 'literature of kissing.'" The woman asks her lover first to kiss her gently and then roughly and firmly.

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower had pursed
Its petals up; so here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.
The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

These poems are quite as 'smooth' and musical as any in the language. They are characterised by the spontaneity and continuity of

emotion which are the qualities of a good lyric. They are all expressions of feeling at high flood. From the very first line to the last we hear the ring of emotion. Notice how the opening lines of *Home thoughts from Abroad*:

> Oh, to be in England
> Now that April's there

carry the reader on a wave of emotion steadily on to the rounded close of the first stanza,

> In England—now!

when he is caught up again by a second wave of reminiscent joy in the beauties of an English May which are declared, in the concluding line, to be superior to those of May elsewhere.

But such consistent melody is a rare quality in Browning. His alert mind and the strong habit in him of 'looking and talking and criticising' did not permit him to *feel* merely. His feeling is largely the result of thought and his most characteristic and precious lyrics, which form Group 2 of our classification are not merely expressions of emotion at high flood. They are nobly eloquent of the brain. They are transcriptions, in words, of intellectual passion in the process of actual emergence. Mrs. Orr's objection that Pippa's songs are not impressive in themselves and that they are made so in every case only by the condition of her hearer's mind is not entirely valid. It is indeed true that the changes wrought by the songs on the hearers are largely due to the peculiar circumstances in which they were then placed. But to argue from this that they are not impressive in themselves is wrong. The first song of Pippa, for example, is not totally unimpressive. It is not indeed tuneful and melodious. The opening lines indicate an observant attitude of the mind but the mood changes towards the close where in words of passionate eloquence the mind proclaims to the heart the triumphant conviction.

> "God's in his heaven
> All's right with the world."

This movement from vigilant observation to impassioned utterance is the specific feature of Browning's lyrics. It may be detected in his shorter lyrics *Prospice, Life in a Love, etc*; but the longer lyrics *Love among the Ruins; Evelyn Hope, etc.*, illustrate it better and more fully. *Love among the Ruins* and Tennyson's song *Come to the garden, Maud* may be compared with profit. The situations are more or less similar. But while in Tennyson's song the lover is concerned only with his Maud and himself and their love, Browning's hero is a man of greater mental range and power The lyrical emotion in Tennyson has already reached full height before it bursts out into steady song; but in Browning we see it actually rushing like a tidal wave up the channels of the mind with noise and tumult before it reaches its full height in the famous assertion of the last stanza 'Love is best! Tennyson's lyrics may be compared to steady stars shining in the tranquil depths of the blue sky, while Browning's characteristic lyrics are, like meteors dark masses of thought that shoot across the sky of our minds and catch fire and glow. Those who regret the absence, in Browning's poem, of such lines of pure melody as Tennyson's

> The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
> As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

and

> In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
> Queen lily and rose in one.

must be sternly reminded of the sterility of Tennyson's conclusion;

> My dust would hear her and beat,
> Had I lain for a century dead;
> Would start and tremble under her feet,
> And blossom in purple and red.

when compared with the infectious passion of Browning in the last stanza:

> Oh, heart! Oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!
> Earth's returns
> For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
> Shut them in,
> With their triumphs and their glories and the rest
> Love is best!

But before this height of emotion is reached the way is rather rough for the reader. He has to stumble across the broken grounds of prose, as in

> Now—the country does not even boast a tree,
> As you see,
> To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
> From the hills,
> Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
> Into one).

It will thus be seen that Browning's lyrical method was one of gains and losses; that while he gained in range and power of thought he lost in continuity of musical expression. Both were inherent in the method; to lay emphasis on one to the exclusion of the other would, therefore, be illogical and untrue.

But what we have said above is not the *whole* truth about Browning's lyrics. Not only does his lyrical method differ from that of other poets, but the even tenour of his lyrics is often disturbed by an intrusive dramatic element. Browning loved to picture the thoughts and habits of the mind in their actual conflict and struggle for expression and for this the dramatic method was better fitted. The doubts and hopes of the mind break abruptly into the lyrics and disturb their unity. In *Evelyn Hope*, one of his noblest lyrics, the lover knows that

> ....God above
> Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love.

He hopes to meet his dead Evelyn in a new life. In the meantime, he says, though engaged in various tasks, he will always have a warm place, in his heart, for Evelyn. But at this stage, the lyric flow of the verse is broken by the intrusion of a possible doubt that might be raised by Evelyn—how it was possible for her lover to remember her in the midst of his various duties.

> What is the issue? let us see!

To which he replies,

> I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
> My heart seemed full as it could hold—

But

> There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
> And the red young mouth and hair's young gold.

So, hush; do not raise any doubts; let me shut this leaf inside your sweet, cold hand so that when you wake up in your next life you may remember and understand our love.

A comparison of *Love in a Life* and *Life in a Love* will clearly demonstrate the disadvantages of a lyrical representation of the thoughts and feelings of the mind in actual struggle. *Love in a Life* is sad but persistent; but *Life in a Love* is

resolute and glad. Sad persistence implies a struggle between opposing attitudes; but gladness and resolution are allied qualities. Thus *Life in a Love* is more regular and less broken than
Love in a Life.—Compare

> Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.
> Spend my whole day in the quest—who cares?
> But 'tis twilight you see,—etc.

of *Love in a Life* with

> But what if I fail of my purpose here?
> It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
> To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
> And baffled, get up and begin again—

of *Life in a Love*. The same obstruction of lyrical smoothness is noticeable in the second song of Pippa in the lines where the page-lover sings his hopeless love for the Queen. The expression of love here is broken and dramatic but the words that pass between the Queen and her maiden are smoothly lyrical.

> 'Nay, list,'—bade kate the Queen;
> And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
> 'Tis only a page that carols unseen
> Fitting your hawks their jesses!'

The difference between this and the words of the lover is too obvious to be pointed out here.

How far is Browning justified in thus permitting his dramatic inclinations to dominate over the lyrical demands of the hour?—is the natural question that will now occur to the mind of the reader. It is a mixing up of two different literary methods and cannot therefore, be justified. When Browning tries to effect an alliance between the heart and the mind, to intellectualise feeling and emotionalise thought, we do not quarrel with him; but, on the other hand, welcome this new departure from the established methods of lyrical expression. But when he mixes up two different methods of literary art, the lyrical and the dramatic, we say that it is an unwarranted licence, the more so as it leads to ruggedness and obscurity.

Browning's lyrics, then, are comparatively few in number; but they cover a wide range of sympathies and contain some of his best poetry. Their freshness and their vigour; the courage and strength they inspire in us; their strenuous optimism and cheerful insistence upon effort; the high place they claim for Love in the scheme of man's life and above all their noble earnestness of purpose entitle Browning to a high place among the world's masters of thought and expression.

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INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

By Mr. P. C. R. Peter, M.A., L.T.,

Headmaster, Board High School, Chittoor.

Inter-School sports are being held in every district and almost every year some kind of disturbance arises and spoils the harmonious relationship between one school and another. Unfortunately, boys are set against boys, and the competitors become in some cases sworn enemies, never to be reconciled at all. Even teachers are not above these petty squabbles and a good many foment them and foster the feeling of uncompromising antagonism.

How does this come into being and how to eradicate it—these will occupy us for a moment, and I should think that this article would have served its purpose it one or two of any readers would throw themselves heart and soul into the affairs and do what little they can in their humble way and such as would undertake to cultivate the spirit referred to in the following paragraphs would, before long, feel convinced that they are devoting themselves to a cause that would usher in not only a period of better relations among the pupils of different institutions that are now convulsed with malice and hatred but also a period of tolerance, appreciation, constructive activity, honest difference of opinion and harmonious co-operation.

The cause of these squabbles is not far to seek. Human nature is so constituted that each one wants to be understood and appreciated in the way he chooses. However weak a person may be in any department of life, in a majority of cases, he considers himself strong and desires to be counted as such. Should he be belittled in the sight of men, he takes it to heart and never forgives the offender. In other words, man is so full of love of himself and is so passionately fond of fame and praise of men that he cannot brook even the slightest neglect not to speak of positive wrong or maltreatment, in short, man has not learnt to be humble yet.

Our pupils are men in the making and their nature is not alien to this feeling common to all mankind. To every school boy his schoolmates are the best, his schoolfellows did the best, the other school won only by a fluke, the umpire was 'partial', and such other forms of expression are common. They exaggerate their ability and belittle the merit of their opponent and far from acknowledging the superiority of the winning team or individual, they froth and foam and set the whole field ablaze sometimes. They have born ill-feelings of an abominable type, foster them till at last they are over-powered and become slaves of passions highly deplorable in man.

How best to remedy this state of affairs? How to infuse better spirit into their minds? How to instil into their minds the spirit of being sporty? The answer is simple, but the spirit is difficult to develop. Our pupils have to be trained and I may add that even masters need this. Our masters have to feel and have to make the pupils feel that they enter the lists not to win glory and renown—and this is but a shadow—not to win shields and medals—these are perishable—but to do their best, to display their ability and to fetch a good name to the Institution wherein

they are trained. And no good name can be gained for an institution by and no educational institution worthy of the name can be proved of individuals or teams that can not rise above petty squabbles and bickerings and forget the elementary principles of self-control and humaneness. For my part, I belive that no educational institution that does not attend to this matter of prime inportance is worthy of any respect or consideration and I would that they cease to be. The old Spartan parting phrase 'with the shield or on the shield' has to be given up, the shameless motto 'victory or death' wiped out and the double-bladed sword 'my school for ever' blunted on one side and sharpened on the other. As it is, many an institution has sharpened the wrong side and blunted the right one so much so that pride and arrogance dominate the youthful minds to work their woe now and for ever. It is no wonder that our citizens are self-seeking and greedy and lack sportiness in matters social and political. It lies in the power of the schoolmasters to ring out the old and ring in the new, but will they, or rather, will you?

THE FIVE SONNETS

Here are five sonnets by a friend who says I was the inspirer of these lines and leaves me the option of dealing with them as I list. I feel bound to give them publicity, and so crave the indulgence of your columns. The sonnets move like sweet-jingling bells, linked each within each; together they make a splendid harmony.

C. N. S.

I

The Urge Divine

We look—the most vision-vested lynx-eye
Something denies, but lures still unrefrained;
We feel—the most that feelings satisfy
Is nought, there's yet something for to be strained;
We hear—and having heard the dulcet sound,
Pass on for what our ears beyond must list;
And fain would we flutter where buds abound
To taste the sweet of scent we just have missed;
We learn all that Wisdom condescends to teach,
And live our pleasures down, but only know
A wake of light for Discontent to reach
Or starry shores afar beckon to row.
The Urge divine of the unlocked remains
Hails for freedom of Soul's broader domains

II

The Quest for Knowledge

The fivetimes proven want, found blunted oft
Or lost in Soul's dallyings with the sense,
When this I felt, sea-fit I made my craft
And in its wake set out with confidence;
Buoyed up with cheer the oars I bravely plied,
And kept voyaging on but no green-isles
Saw nor discerned from whence the light supplied—
The shores receding seemed for miles and miles;
The lighted path was still a lure before,
And my soul was fluttering wings of haste,
When horrid darkness came from corners four,
And filled the airy void's surrounding waste.
A dark Lady of Night is Dawn's usher—
Our brightest Hope waits on Despond's leisure

III

The Birth of Faith

When clouds pour down for stream's and field's increase,
Oft from their clash breaks forth a dazzling light.
So heart of storm contains the germs of peace,
And life's burden has still a saving mite.
I hooked for worldy cares and joys beside,
And drew a blank and had begun to brood;
But birth of faith the throes of heart decide,
And mine was born in blackest, weakest mood,
It grew apace and shone with such splendour;
I could not gaze with naked eyes which closed
And oped inward and homage did render;
In that sunny grandeur I stood enclosed,
Like an electric fish in deep ocean
I dwelt in Peace and Love and Devotion.

IV

The Light of Knowledge

A light that dwells in world's unknown, uneyed,
That never did deck the east nor western gate
Of Day, that sun's meridian hath not vied,
Nor moon when full and fair in royal state,
A flash that lines the brightest hope of pious,
A glow that warms the noblest thought and deed,
And makes them burn out of oblivious
Past like beacons for barren ages' need—
I saw a spark emerge in all splendour
And which the realm of God signalised;
A gleam of grace superb and great wonder—
The Truth of Self-knowledge self-realised,
Transcending Glory, Lamp Divine, whose switch
Turns but to head that's ripe and heart that's rich.

V

The Voice of God

I looked on shores of bliss and beatitude,
And felt a passing light enter my soul,
And turned to pray in ardent gratitude,
And then I heard, arrived at living's goal,
A sound softer than airs melodious,
Not from wooded hills or valleys hidden,
Nor high strung harp, spheres harmonious,
But from the inner depths rise unbidden;
It was the sweet serenade of soul,
Sung by Great Love that in the heart resides;
All charms of sense and sound composed, did carol
And fill my ears with celestial asides.
Blest they whose lot meets with such high amour—
Thus hath the voice of God sung from of yore.

A POET.

Telegrams.—"CRAYONS" KUMBAKONAM

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MR. T. V. APPARSUNDARAM, M.A. L.T.

VARIETY IN EDUCATION.

BY MR. T. V. APPARSUNDARAM, M.A., L.T.,

M.ED. (LEEDS), M.R.A.S., F.B.E.E. (London).

The great defect noticeable in the case of schools in India is the one uniform curriculum prevailing in all classes of schools. The present divisions of school education into elementary and secondary are unsatisfactory since they do not suit the present needs of the country. Let us define the several stages in school education in India. The elementary course includes classes from I to V. The secondary course is divided into two stages (*a*) the Middle School stage including classes from I to III Forms, and (*b*) the High School stage consisting of IV, V and VI Forms. The circumstances of the great majority of people are such that their children have to leave schools at a comparatively early stage and choose minor careers. Of the rest, a great majority have to give up their education in what may be called the Lower Secondary stage or Middle School stage, while the rest reach the Upper Secondary course and pass on to the University. At the end of the school stage a large number of pupils enter lower professional careers like Sanitary Inspectors, Draughtsmen, Sub-Assistant Surgeons, etc. The curriculum is therefore modelled too much on the requirements of boys preparing for University and professional examininations and fails to provide sufficient contact with practical life. As it is, every school of the elementary grade prepares its pupils as if they were all going into secondary schools from which they would be passing into college. It is pathetic to see a large number of pupils taking up University course merely with a view to getting jobs. The majority are unfitted to acquire that general culture which the Universites are intended to provide. University education should always be for the few who could benefit the country by research scholarship and sound knowledge. "Purge the secondary schools and then the Universities will be accessible to a selected aristocracy of intellect"[1] says Gentile. Thousands in India become ill-educated scholars merely because this is their hereditary calling and they have not the energy to strike out a new career. The tastes and traditions of the people of India tend always to throw an excessive number of competitors into the ranks of those who seek for literary employment. The type of literary education which is provided in Indian Schools was originally designed to supply native clerks and subordinate officers but has now created a great discontent owing to excess of supply over demand in this direction. This is the biggest fallacy that has vitiated educational facilities in India and the fallacy begins even from the lowest class. The following quotation from an Inspector of Schools in Oudh, India, has direct bearing on the case in point. "Mr. Nesfield (then Inspector of Schools, Oudh) says that he was once present at a large gathering of pupils from primary schools. The Deputy Commissioner asked them why they came to school at all. Fifty voices answered at once *to get employment*. He then asked *what employment*?, and the answer immediately was *Government*"[2]. The course of subjects studied in Indian Schools has no vocational bias enabling them to continue their studies in special schools. In every direction there are calls for the increased application of science and industrial arts to improve the comfort and beauty of human life. Many who have no literary gifts might succeed as Engineers, as Builders and in other lines of activities. The vocational bent in schools and the opening out of special schools would no doubt draw off a multitue of undesirables from the too crowded field of literary education for Government service. Since Education in its broadest sense is a preparation for life, and since life for most of us means some sort of work or service, our education is incomplete unless it contains a vocational, as well as, a general and cultural training.

We know that India is essentially a land of villages, agriculture being the most important industry. One of the cardinal sins of school education is that no agricultural bent is given in its curriculum. On the other hand, there is much in school instruction which draws the children away from the land and creates in them a contempt for manual labour. This is the greatest reason why the farmers are not in sympathy, with the literary character of the present day education. "Such primary education as is provided is of an unpractical character. The cultivator and the craftsman view it with disfavour, as tending to estrange their boys from their surroundings and to make them dissatisfied with their hereditary calling without necessarily fitting them for anything better."[3] The importance of agricultural education was recognized as long ago as in 1904. Says Lord Curzon: "For a country where two-thirds of the population are dependent for their livelihood on the produce of the soil, it must be admitted that the provision

[library stamp]

for agricultural education in India is at present meagre and stands in serious need of expansion and reorganisation."[4]

Public men in India are very fond of quoting the example of Japan as one worthy of imitation in their country. And the great contrast between the educational system in India and that of Japan is that in the latter only a few take to a literary course while a large number go in for a vocational education. There we have one of the real causes for the energetic and progressive life of the Japanese. Our real business ought to be to provide the children a ladder by which they can climb from the lowest to the highest point as far as they are fit to go. And this is the principle that Japan has adopted. What is taking place in India is different. Children are permitted to go as far as they want to go. The unfortunate result is that the schools are thronged with pupils seeking paper qualifications for employment. These again pass on to the University for which they are hopelessly unfit and become discontented failures in life. To divert them at the proper stage and at the proper time into channels where they could attain success ought to be our duty.

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1 The Forum of Education, February 19th 1923.

2 Elementary Education for Indian Boys. Varanarashima. Preface XIII.

3 Reconstructing India, Sir M. Visweswaraiyah, p. 258.

4 Resolution of the Government of India, March 1904, p. 39.

(To be continued).

THE Rt. HON. JUSTICE SIR CRIMINAL LAWLESS MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

A Mock Oration delivered on His Highness the Maharajah's Law College Day (Trivandrum)

The Psychology of Stamping.

[By Mr. E. S. Sunda, B.A., B.L.]

Difficulties in choosing a subject worthy of the name of the Memorial, the donor and the awful majesty of the occasion for which it is intended, have been too many to be stated here. A friendly lucubrator from the north—whose valour is always the better part of his discretion—suggested the onerous task of a dilation on the necessity or otherwise of Barristers on the High Court Bench while an anxious advocate of progress hinted to me the topic of "The Place of Dinners in Legal Education". Dissertation on subjects of this kind are entirely beyond my province, much less under the 'jurisdiction' of a College Day audience. A humbler subject like "A plea for the use of books in law-examinations" appealed to me, but it was vetoed as falling much below the dignity of this assembly. You will pardon me, gentlemen, consequently, when I am forced to take up a subject, which I presume, is the favourite of Law students both in the East and the West, North and the South, an exercise for which Law Colleges are always distinguished and happily a noisy but invisible weapon in the hands of students against masters of a certain temper. All beings, human and non-human, are gifted with powers of resistance. The leading case of Brown v. Kendall states that dogs fight with their mouths, but in Cox v. Burbidge, the horse kicks a man. Providence is always universally kind. The Law College professor in the act of punishing proclaims with a gentle stroke of his pen, 'out goes a week's attendance'. The students take to their legs---of course not to their heels---in disapprobation of this superior restraint in chastisement. Sometimes this experiment is also done in various other cases of intense joy and grateful approval of master's conduct. What is it, then, that leads to this violent attachment between the legs and the floor of the gallery? Gentlemen, the psychology of stamping is indeed a difficult problem to understand. A professor in one of our Indian Universities with all seriousness apologetically began one day: "Gentlemen, I have been on trial for the last 20 years ever since I entered the College to understand the psychology of stamping. I have been noting........" Before he finished the sentence, he got himself stamped. His beseeching request then was: "Yes, gentlemen, I want to know the cause of this" The reply was again a noisy demonstration by the legs. "I may suspend the class," threatened the professor. This admonition increased only the vigour of his students and the lecturer had to look small in his own eyes. After a few minutes, with composure he began "I am sorry for the event at the commencement of the class and also the sentiments I expressed." The students replied with a triumphant stamping punctuated with laughter. Naturally under these circumstances, a good professor with control over students is a 'continuing' wonder of the present era.

Stamping is not DeQuincey's coldblooded fine art of murder nor is it the militarist's gun shot which honors the wounded with instant cremation. It is more subtle, less artificial but greatly effective. The gentleman stamped is a picture for the painter. He is a statue of despair, the moving representative of intense cynicism and the arch-stoic patiently pocketing all insults. For the first time in the world, reason and instinct meet in the art of stamping and also proclaim---to use an expert's phrase---"the uniform universality" in all people. An event or an utterance that ought to deserve the honor of a stamp appeals instinctively and simultaneously to everybody. The expression "organised stamping" is a misnomer as nobody organises it. The art is a monument of God's creation which proves the one-ness of human life, whatever may be the outward colour, of individuals. It is the delicate touch, the stone which tests the self-respect, manliness and dignity of a person Souls, Christian, Mussalman or Hindu, all agree in the necessity of the art of stamping. It is stated that in one of the Western universities a gentleman was caught in this noble act of vindicating manhood. The irate Professor stood for his dismissal while the hero of the art with conscious innocence said: "Thank you, Sir, any way dismissal is too much but too little for the pleasure I enjoyed, Stamping is born with me."

Of the several causes that lead to this fine exercise of human instinct, only a few of the important can be noted. Boring is par-excellence the finest occasion for stamping. A continued volley of words, the meaning and appropriateness of which defy even the authors of the new Oxford Lexicon, Orator Bahadurs who, in their delivery, create new grammar, pronunciations which immediately develop into a dialect, demand really the kind notice of our art. A Vice-Chancellor of an University, of all persons in the world, got himself stamped when

he in his address talked of a volunteer corpse for a volunteer corps. Gentlemen, there are bores and bores. Religious boring without reaching the danger-zone of Vedantism or the doctrine of transmigration of souls is sometimes tolerated, one also acquiesces in a literary boring, if it is for instance on Shakespeare's Sonnets, on the romance of a Rosalind or the orient songs of a Laurence Hope. But a legal talk say, on "Land Tenure" or "Hindu Law Reform," or a scientific study of the "Cult of Hatred" is, to say the least, boring in excelcis. In one of the Law Colleges of Northern India, a Professor on Constitutional Law put the question to the class: "what do you suggest for the short term, Indian Contract Act or Specific Relief Act"—a quick-witted student from the Arctic Zone of the gallery slyly mumbled—"Won't we have specific relief now?" Gentlemen, contractual agreement means obligation. More intense is the relation between boring and stamping. They are corrective. Bores do imply stampers. Else bores will easily ride over the world much to the disadvantage of the helpless.

The second important impetus for the promotion of the art of stamping is perpetual note dictation. Gentlemen, in Rome as elsewhere, dictators were always usurpers of authority and short-lived. But nowadays in Law Colleges, they seem to be eternal and they grow with the College year by year. No end to their dictation! No damage to their throat! Their horses are always geniuses and announce to the students with their trot and tinkling sounds the horrors of a note taking. After all, the art of stamping does not suffer in the least by this arrangement. A professor talks vehemently thrice emphatically of *ratifaction* when he means *ratification*, of *indemnity* when he intends *identity*. Another dictator with really dictational spirit, not suffering from the pangs of conscience, states once the defendant is hanged, but after a few seconds he corrects himself by saying 'rather the plaintiff is hanged'. One does not know whether for such misstatement of justice, a professor with such discriminating powers could get himself hanged one day. Peace be with his soul. It is rather unfortunate that professors should have any prejudice against the word "dictation". They have the belief that they lecture daily. Entering into the Class, a Professor put an impersonal question 'What did I lecture on yesterday!' A student's voice from a corner replied: "You mean, Sir, dictated on." The professor understood the joke of the student but outwitted him by putting him an additional question with ambiguous terms: "What did I do yesterday"? The boy rose to the occasion. 'Sir, you did seduction'. One need hardly say that the passage at arms was punctuated with stamping.

Another main source of contribution to the art is the students in general. The unlicensed—but one mutually understood—institution of proxy is a never failing incentive to the promoters of stamping. Proxy as a principle is observed and should be observed by all wellwishers of the art. A should be represented by B even if A is in the Class and D should call out for C even if the latter is bodily present within the four walls of the room. To afford opportunities for stamping, interested and benevolent gentlemen should take seriously to identify themselves by some twenty-first-century psychic powers with at least three of their fellow students and try to present them all successfully. Says Lord Sri Krishna in the Bhagavat Gita: "Do your duty, never care for the fruits." So also, gentlemen, let proxy be your principle, your banner, every time you represent somebody else you get a stamping—consequently you encourage the art.

One word more. It was in the eighties of the last century that the late Sir V. Bashyam at the Marina said to one of his moffusil juniors: 'The Arts College is only presumed, note the word, to teach three R's but one can say of the law colleges that they really teach three P's (i) push; *i.e.*, the art of getting on in the world (ii) puff—to smoke so well sometimes to be misunderstood as two-legged engines and (iii) proxy—the ever benevolent institution.' Had Sir Bashyam lived to-day, he would have added with apologies 'stamping' as the fourth in the list. The Mother of Parliaments recognises the art in every one of its periodical sessions and it is but right that the practice so reverentially observed in the sovereign assembly should be promulgated in all corporations in the dominions under its control. Indian students have taken up the art rather fairly well and it is the devout prayer of all that they should progress early towards the destined goal. Let the last words of the Prophet of the art conclude the address, with apologies to the poet.

Bore, Sir, bore,
Let stamp be thy answer,
On, Proxy, on,
Let stamp be thy honour.

TAGORE'S STRAY BIRDS

(Continued from the Dec'r. issue).

BY MR. K. S. RAMASAMI SASTRI, B.A., B.L.,
Assistant Sessions Judge, Tanjore.

As regards the poet's domain, Tagore says in poem 150 that the joy and beauty of Nature are the poet's kingdom and that he rejoices in the blue infinites of space and the dark infinites of time and renders into music "the thoughts that range through eternity". The poem is very beautiful. It says:

> "My thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves and my heart sings with touch of this sunlight; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the blue of space, into the dark of time".

The same idea is described also in poem 259. "The infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn" are also as much his domain as beauty and bliss, because

> "Aye, in the very temple of Delight
> Veiled Melancholy has her sovereign shrine"

In the poet's case however pain does not issue in bitterness or sourness of spirit but is transfigured into song and sweetness. In poem 167 Tagore says: "The world has kissed my soul with its pain, asking for its return in songs." Another repeating the same idea is poem 177. Tagore says that though the poet's smile is the smile of Nature and his song was Nature's music, his heart is the "red ripeness of the human heart" and especially the rapture of the love of woman. It is there that he is most thoroughly himself. It is the central point of his nature, the sun of the solar system of his being. Yet another kingdom in the vast universe of the poet heart is the kingdom of memories. In the 182nd poem full of wondrous poetic suggestiveness he says: "I am like the road in the night

listening to the footfalls of its memories in silence." "The tone of meditation slipping in between the beauty coming and the beauty gone" gives added splendour to the memory and relates and links it to the delights of coming experiences. The spontaneousness of poetic moods, the ways in which

> "The sweetness of the sum of things
> Will flash along the chords and go",

the joy of the poet's adventurous voyage on the ambrosial seas of emotion without helm or rudder or chart and trusting to God's own breezes inspiration and with no definite post in view but leaving the end as well as the means to love and joy which are only two different names of God, are all brought out in the brief 218th poem: "My heart has spread its sails to the idle winds for the shadowy island of anywhere". Another great truth in regard to the poet is brought out in poem 224 which recalls to our minds Mr. William Watson's immortal line "Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine". The poet has wondrous heights and elevations of soul in which he is alone with himself and the Light coming from the Sunrise of Love, though in relation to the world he embodies the universal elements of pain and delight. The poem says: "My friend, your great heart shone with the sunrise of the East like the snowy summit of a lonely hill in the dawn". Hence it is that each poet has his own wonderful individuality though rooted in the earth of the universal hopes and joys and pains and griefs of mankind, just as each great mountain has its different crown of snow, its peculiar glory of the flush of sunrise on it, its own individual communion with the sun and the moon and the stars, though each is rooted in, and broad-based on the earth.

Another great aspect of the poet's domain is expressed in the seemingly simple, but utterly profound, 238th poem: "Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet". There are thoughts with clear-cut outlines shining in the daylight of reason like cut and polished gems. There are others that have soft and curving and even hazy outlines and that shine the faint ethereal colours of the lunar rainbow. These "charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy". As the poet of beauty says:

> "Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow."

On the other hand the poet's poet, his friend and elegist says:

> "On a poet lips I slept
> Dreaming like a love-adept,
> In the sound his breathing kept;
> Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses
> But feeds on the aerial kisses,
> Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses."

The main function of the poet, however, is to dispel the darkness of mental and spiritual ills by the revelation of beauty. He is a fighter in the world-old war of sense and soul and his song's sword kills the lower tendencies in man and ensures at the same time his resurrection in love. Poem 261 says: "Let your music, like a sword, pierce the noise of the market to its heart".

What is the poet's true reward for his peculiar and precious service of man and God? As a matter of fact his real reward is in his becoming a vital, nay even an unrecognised though not unfelt, portion of the universal heart of man. He must become a force, a joy, a pervasive presence, an atmosphere. In poem 134, Tagore says: "The roots below the earth claim no reward for making the branches fruitful". Two beautiful poems—No. 80 and 273—deserves to be read and realised in this connection and speak for themselves.

> "Your voice, my friend,—wanders in my heart
> like the muffled sound of the sea
> among these listening pines".

> "Let my thoughts come to you, when I am
> gone like the afterglow of sunset at the
> margin of starry silence".

I shall show later on how the unclaimed and unworked for, but certain and perfect, reward of the poet is in the attainment of the realisation of the Eternal Beauty and Love and Bliss.

(To be continued.)

"WHO IS MORE BEAUTIFUL? MAN OR WOMAN?"

By Mr. P. N. Subramanian, b.a., Madras.

> "Truth truly expressed is supreme beauty".
> —*James H. Cousins.*

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever".
> —*Keats.*

Of many things that arrest the attention of human beings there is nothing as enchanting as beauty. Wealth may for a time make a man pause; knowledge might rivet him but only for a temporary period; and music too can only have a short sway over human attention. But it is Beauty, that spotless star. that twinkling orb, that expression of truth that holds a permanent sway over human nature. It is for the cause of Beauty that princess and peasants alike have not scrupled to lay down their lives. Great men have knelt down before its altar; sages too have succumbed to its bewitching magic.

God has studded the world with innumerable beauties, knowing full well that they are the potent solace of all mankind. In the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms, beauties are not wanting. The lion and the elephant and the horse and the bull are all real beauties of the animal kingdom; even the cock and the dove do strongly contribute to the beauty of Nature. How many shrubs there are and how many ferns that are endowed with a beauty that makes man's life worth living in this world. Even a cactus has its own beauty. The tall and stately palms have a beauty of their own; the gigantic banyan has a beauty unsurpassed.

But it is pretty difficult to choose between beauties. Yet, where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand or narrow prejudice one can still say which of two is more beautiful than the other. A careful study of nature is sure to drive one to the conclusion that the male is no doubt more beautiful than the female species. Instances abound in exuberant numbers: Take for example, the lion. Even a poor observer cannot miss the superior beauty of the male over the female. The fine flowing manes that hang down over his neck embracing it as it were, the stately build of his body and the majestic flash reeling around the boundary of his pupils bespeak the masculine beauty.

Contrasted with this, we have got the timid look of the female with neither manes nor majesty nor anything that could compare favourably with the other. When we are observing the first, we feel as if we are transported into the Elysian fields; when we divert our attention to the latter, we do feel we are in a lower plane. Then behold the mighty male elephant with his stately ivory tusks and active disposition affording a splendid contrast to the dull, passive, slow and sluggard female. Can not a man in the street say with a great deal of positive assertion that the male horse is really more beautiful than his female counterpart? The bull has an extraordinary beauty all his own, to which no cow could aspire, so much so that Lord Parameswara himself had chosen him as his suitable riding animal. The male stag with his beautiful horns and still more beautiful gait outweighs all beauty of the female species. Even in the dog one cannot fail to detect this superiority of the male over the female.

Now, take for instance the birds. Which is more beautiful? The cock or the hen I ask? Which is more beautiful? The peacock or the peahen? The male dove or the female dove? To these questions there can only be one answer and that is the male. Even in the tiny little birds that frisk about the barn-door during harvest-time it is impossible for one to miss this glaring contrast.

The vegetable kingdom too amply substantiates my statement. The date palms, the ferns and the like do tell what I have got to tell in telling terms that the male is decidedly more beautiful than the female.

And these observations cannot but be true in human nature also. I daresay that even here my conclusions do hold good. It is man that is more beautiful than woman. Can a woman with all her darting feminine look, her superb build and fair complexion and her graceful gait compare with that infinite beauty of man? Man is manly and woman is womanish; and how can womanishness compare with the splendour of manliness? The former is low twinkling, the latter brilliant sparkling; the one is the moon and the other is the sun; the one is meek, submissive, humble and low, the other is strong, assertive, stately and majestic. The supreme splendour of manly beauty is indescribable. The Holy Bible is a potent authority on the matter. God at first created the sun and the moon and the earth with all her beauties. Then He created Adam; and when He came to the creation of Eve, He found He had exhausted all the elements of Beauty in the creation of Adam and had none more left with Him. He therefore hit at an ingenious plan. He took out a fragment from Adam's ribs and created Eve. Eve is therefore a fragment of Adam's splendour. She cannot for all this world compare with his unsurpassing beauty. Can a Menaka compare with Bhima in Beauty? Let anyone with a bit of æsthetic taste answer: and yet, what a folly, what a folly of mankind! Man prostitutes his superior Beauty to the lesser Beauty of the Woman and this is one of Nature's insoluble anomalies.

MODERN PRIMARY ARITHMETIC IN TAMIL

By

C. V. KRISHNAMURTHI IYER,

Assistant, Town High School, KUMBAKONAM.

Approved by the Text Book Committee.

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S·S·L·C· PUBLIC EXAMINATION REPORT, 1925

By C. N. S.

Year after year the Chief Examiners send in their reports and the D.P.I. duly issues them in a consolidated form. What then? And then the matter quietly drops out and no wonder, that is the fate of all vapid vapourisings. Luckily the English Examiners for 1925 have come to the rescue. They relieve the dull monotony, they create some sensation. They let alone the students and lead a vigorous charge on their masters. It is irony of fate that they sit in judgment over the master's work at school. Witness their statements quoted hereunder. "Apart from the fact that many pupils in the Sixth Form ought not to be there at all, it is very evident that a large number of teachers make no effort to train their pupils in the answering of examination questions. The type of paper set has been much the same for several years, and yet there was evidence of a total lack of proper preparation in practically all schools, except those in Malabar and South Canara. In one school all the candidates exceeded the space limit in answering questions I, II and III. Out of 123 candidates from another, only half a dozen got any mark in the question on analysis. Wholesale examples like these show that the fault lies largely with the teachers and not entirely with their pupils."

Many pupils in the Sixth Form ought not to be there at all. This has been the burden of the song for the past one decade. *A large number of teachers make no effort to train their pupils in the answering of examination questions.* Here is an axe to grind. Our education in fact has not gone beyond manufacturing quill-drivers. Little is taught in our institutions and less is learnt. Our schools and colleges have been veritable factories where numerous clerks are being turned out every year. The teachers as factors know their position only too well and they apply themselves to their task with a religious fervour. It is idle to blame these men whose only trade has been to coach up boys for examinations. In the name of goodness we ask do our boys exist for the sake of the examination? Is examination, as it obtains in our country, a sure test of intelligence and abilities? *The type of paper set has been much the same for several years.* Good, but like a sensible doctor the examiner has to change his method if the one prescribed had no effect. We do not appreciate the invidious distinction made in favour of certain centres. In every centre good boys and bad boys roll in a cycle. Probably this does not come under the purview of our blessed examiners.

The Examiner for English II Paper, 1926, has come upon the scene with his innovations. There is not a question in his paper but bears the imprint of his ingenuity. Alas for the poor S.S.L.C. students! It would raise a guffaw of sardonic laughter to expect boys who cannot put together two sentences correctly to become literary critics, to make a comparative study of men and manners in different countries at different times, and to write notes on strategic positions of two ancient forts of India. Again the Examiner takes a detached sentence, a moral platitude, from one of the non-detailed texts and asks the boys to illustrate it with examples from the stories they have read. Verily we imagine our boys to fall on their knees and pray fervently to God, 'Oh Lord! save us from our examiners.'

It is passing strange why the people who form the high tribunal to judge of our boys fail to pitch questions according to the standard and why for their craze they should sacrifice mercilessly the innocent candidates. These gentlemen cleanly forget that our boys read a foreign tongue whose genius is quite different from that of their vernaculars. With too many texts and crowded curriculum our boys cannot fair otherwise. They are not quick to grast and they have absolutely no chance for assimilation. Propriety of words and the correct use of idioms are acquired only in the long run. Our boys are asked to master a foreign language without the necessary grounding in their vernaculars. This accounts for the dearth of ideas. And language is only the vehicle of thought. Give them ideas, language will follow. Our Examiners complain that the answer to the question on conversation was on the whole a failure. It is quite natural, for our boys, may God bless them! speak only vernacular at home and outside the school. What with their half-read vernacular and ill-read English they do not give good specimens of dialogue. We have a genius to get at things by the wrong way. It is wise not to persist in a thing knowing it is folly to do so. The Examiners have therefore to pause, to see things in their true perspective, and to frame questions suited to the standard.

Thus it is patent that the fault lies largely with our system of education and to some extent with the examiners themselves. Why then all this bombast and waste of powder and shot? The remedy does not come as a result of charges and countercharges, but must flow from an honest tackling of our educational problem.

ON BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN

Elementary Science in Tamil for Form IV. By Mr. B. Narayanasami Iyer, B.A., L.T., Kumbakonam. Price Re. 1.

With the impetus given by the public and the Department to vernacularisation of studies, schoolmasters have a new avenue of activity opened to them of compiling suitable text books in the mother tongue of pupils for the teaching of information subjects. We are glad to observe that the opportunity has been availed of by Mr. Narayanaswami Iyer with his usual energy and enthusiasm. Authors engaged in pioneer work of this kind are generally handicapped by various difficulties. One of them is the task of framing appropriate and intelligible vernacular equivalents, borrowing and adapting foreign terms in cases where the language does not lend itself. Mr. Narayanasamy Iyer's experience has enabled him to accomplish this with ease, though in some instances the suitability, conciseness or intelligibility of his expressions may be thought capable of improvement by critics. Differences of opi. nion are bound to exist in the absence of a fixed code framed arbitrarily by a committee of experts, but this should not stand in the way of introducing texts of this kind to pupils and teaching the subject in Tamil. The author seems to have treated Physics more exhaustively than Chemistry. In the latter is to be seen a partiality for the retention of English terms even where vernacular ones are available. Probably, in his opinion, the English terms are too familiar to need replacing by Tamil equivalents. The book on the whole is characterised by lucidity of expression and accuracy of detail, and deserves to be placed in the hands of pupils. We are sure that with the help of a book like this, the teaching of Elementary Science will be more interesting and fruitful to them. We trust all Tamil loving public who wish to impart knowledge to their children in their mother tongue will duly recognise its value.

Modern Elementary Mathematics in Tamil.—Book I, for Form I, by Mr. S. Narayana Iyer, B.A., L.T., Lecturer in Mathematics, Madura College. Publised by V. S. Swaminathan, West Tower Street, Madura.

It was a pleasure to us to go through the pages of this book compiled by the able Mathematician. His presentation is original and interesting, and is sure to be of great help to pupils and teachers. Some of its special features are the literature at the beginning of each chapter and the interesting explanations connected with Geometry. The author has exhibited a remarkable ease in coming appropriate Tamil equivalents for Technical terms. The book is adapted to the syllabus, examples are graded and well-arranged, and problems simple and practical. We believe the book will be duly appreciated and encouraged.

We congratulate Pandit R. Sivarama Sastri of the *Baghavatha Vilas Chalk Works, Kumbakonam*, on the fine finish of the crayons he has been able to manufacture for use in schools and colleges. The chalks are of suitable hardness and are cheap at the same time. They have obtained good testimonials from Heads of Institutions who have used them. Mr. Sastriar's enterprise deserves encouragement from all interested in the development of indigenous concerns.

Gopal New Tamil Readers. By Mr. A. M. Srinivasa Raghavan, B.A., L.T. Published by Messrs. B. G. Paul & Co., Madras. Grade II—As. 3, Grade III—As. 4, Grade IV—As. 4½.

Writing books for children is an art by itself. Where foundations of true knowledge and character have got to be laid surely and securely, it is the hand of experienced educationists of culture and vision that is to be relied upon more. Credit should be given to Mr. A. M. Srinivasa Raghavan for the insight and originality he has brought to bear in the compilation of his New Tamil Readers. Varied subject matter, prominence to modern industrial problems, insistence on correct syllabification and punctuation even from early stages are among others the attractive features of the books. The Provincial Teacher—Managers' Association has done a distinct service to the educational world by publishing these useful readers under its auspices. We trust schools all over the Tamil Nadu will appreciate their educative value and extend the encouragement and support they deserve.

Uttamar Charitam. By Messrs. N. Paramasiva Iyer, B.A., L.T., and V. Santanam Iyengar, B.A., L.T, Tiruvadamaruthur. Published by C. S. Dikshitar & Co., Kumbakonam, in 5 Grades.

One of the primary functions of true education being the inspiration in children of lofty ideals of character and action, judiciously selected episodes from the lives of great men and women

of our land have an important place in their studies. The *Uttamar Charitam* under review is a commendable enterprise in the world of books. The stories drawn fresh and direct and told in simple and attractive style form a sweet Nosegay, as it were, capable of stimulating noble impulses in children. Love and truthful, ness, pity and piety, obedience and reverence loyalty and nationalism and such other highl, prized virtues are sure to be their inheritance. The book could have been made more attractive by pictorial illustrations wherever possible. We trust all interested in the revival of national spirit and cultue will duly appreciate the usefulness of these stories of great men and women.

From a Rural School-window. By K. R. R. Sastry, M.A., F.R.ECON.S. Published by Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., Madras.

The book enters the world armed with a befitting preface from Sir Patro, the Minister for Education. Mr. Sastry's racy style coupled with his affectionate sympathy for the village life makes the book highly interesting. All the details of village life are keenly appreciated and if the book is potent enough to turn the educational authorities to greater interest in rural education, I am sure it can be said to have achieved its object. Mr. Sastry is surely a pioneer in this line of action and we hope he has successors to follow him.

Modern Primary Arithmetic in Tamil. By Mr. C. V. Krishnamurthi Iyer, Assistant, Town High School, Kumbakonam. In 4 grades adapted to standards 1—5.

We have great pleasure in recommending this useful series of books to educational institutions in Tamil Nadu. Mr. Krishnamurthi Iyer has bestowed pains to make them practical and rational, and has carefully graded and adapted them to the respective standards. Emphasis is laid on mental questioning to precede every lesson. Examples are copious and thoughtful, and the work bears evidence of experience and intelligence. They have won popularity already, and anything more from us will be only superfluous.

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DHRUVA

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(*Continued from February Issue*)

The boy then thanked the holy sage.
Who spoke his grief to assuage.
Requested him in accents meek,
To teach him how Vishnu to seek.
The holy one then said to him;—
"Now go thou quick to *Madhuvan* gim,
Hard by where Jumna's current strong,
Her sable waters rolls along;
And bathing therein day by day,
On one foot only standing, pray.
On bulbs and fruits thou shalt subsist,
And all distracting thoughts resist.
Let not thy mind on comforts dwell,
All thoughts of home let it repel.
Let storm or calm affect thee not,
Nor tiger's roar, nor thunder shot.
With steadfast mind on Vishnu bent,
Thou shalt await his sure descent.
First let me thee initiate
In singing hymns of Vishnu great.
Now put forth thy tender tongue,
I'll make thee wise while yet so young."
The boy put forth his tongue as bid,
The sage on it some writing did
With the tip of a holy *Kusa* blade
A grass oft found in a watery glade.
At once the lad began to sing
Most wondrous hymns. The woods did ring.
The sage then vanished from his sight;
The boy reached *Madhuvan* by that night.
When Dhruva left in wilds to roam,
A gloom fell on his palace home.
The king repenting for his flight,
Was all in troubled mental plight.
He looked to no affairs of state;
No music could his grief abate;
No dish could please his squeamish tongue;
He loved not life his wives among;
No courtier could an audience gain;
Alone he sat in mental pain.
To see the king and soothe his woe,
Sage Narada did one day go.
The king greeted with due respect,
And seated him on a dais high-set.
The sage asked why the royal brow
Appeared much sorrow-struck somehow.
The king replied,—" Ashamed am I
Over mine own foolish acts to cry.
A fool was I to tolerate
The insult that Suruchi's hate
Caused her to offer Dhruva dear,
My saintly son without a peer.
Repentance always cometh late,
The evil doth no whit abate.
I long to hear my Dhruva talk.
A wretch am I to make him walk
In lonely, gloomy regions wild,
'Midst fierce beasts to thrust my child'
How sore must be his tender heel
When rocks and thorns it comes to feel:
Who there will fetch him food to eat,
Or guard him in his lone retreat?
Oh! curse me dead ye gods above,
I've lost a saint for a woman's love!".
The hermit seeing the monarch's pain,
Spoke thus to soothe his mind again:—
'If thou dost for thy faults thus rue
What good can e'er to thee accrue?
Thy son by parents though forsook,
Doth share Vishnu's all-caring look.
His hand that guards him from on high
Will shield him sure from dangers nigh.
So, pray for Vishnu's early boon
To send thee back thy darling soon."
"I thank thee, sage", the king did say.
The sage then vanished quick away.

(*To be continued.*)

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